



Chosen



adventure

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Chapter 1 by Isabella Fox

Her nervousness is overwhelming. She doesn't know why she was chosen, what she is supposed to do next, or what she is expected to say. Standing outside the immense door, she holds the letter in her hand that summoned her in the first place. No one else is there. "Should I knock?" She thought, "Maybe I should just leave." She couldn't, her chance had finally come. The arrival time on the letter would be approaching in two minutes. Just one hundred and twenty seconds to decide whether or not to change her life forever or walk away and never know who, or what, is awaiting behind the door.

Chapter 2 by Charli Stevens



Absentmindedly, Cam fingered the edges of the envelope. The bold script that spelled out her name began to look foreign as she read it over and over again. 90 seconds. She looked up from the letter to once again stare at the door. Its grain bold, stained dark and demanding attention. The door seemed to emulate the possible power and strength that could lie on other side. One peculiar feature was that there was no handle. Its expanse remained uninterrupted from top to bottom. 60 seconds. "Why me?" she whispered. Her voice seemed to echo in the

immense hallway she waited in. She saw no one as time seemed to sprint and drag on all at once. 30 seconds. She wiped the sweat from her forehead, trying desperately to calm her nerves. Then the door swung open.

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Chapter 3 by Blanca Hardike



She now wished the seconds leading to that moment had instead counted backwards. "What has happened in my life to bring me to this point?" She thought as she traced back flashes of memory in an instant. Her heart beat rises. Bump-bum, Bump-bum. A nervous shiver runs down her spine which shakes her back three years.

She trudged through the gloom of winter, her socks are wet from the old snow; the snow, of last weeks traumatic blizzard that won't seem to resign. The snow, her suffering, they overstay to cause an enduring depression. Home isn't home. Spirit is lost. Where is she going? Her heart beat continues. Bump-bum, bump-bum. The shivers persist. She had come to the blue front door. Is this home sweet home? She ponders at this door. Bump-bum, bump-bum.

She flashes to the present. Now, can this door take her to a new life a new place? Is this home? The gateway to a home that the blue front door of her memories could never again satisfy? Taking a deep breath and trying to ignore her heart beat - bump-bum, bump-bum - she steps through the doorway into a dark atmosphere. She finds herself in an area or room of an unknown size because all ends of the expanse are not lit. Harnessing her confidence, she pushes her shoulders up and back, lifts her chin, and proceeds forward about five steps to the only light she sees. Reaching a long conference table full of broad, purposeful-looking people (mainly men except one woman), she gracefully takes the letter from the envelope and extends her arm with them both, not showing her nervous shivers recently suppressed by confidence.

"I'm Maylin, and by this letter I was told to come to 701 Moiria Lane at 1901 hours," she states to the table, not knowing who exactly to address.

"Have a seat," says the man at the opposite head of the table as he gestures to the one open chair at a head of the table next to Maylin.

For a moment the letter suspends in the air by Maylin's hand, for this invitation has not specifically been addressed. She lets it fall to the table as she takes a seat. She glances at the crimped letter and notices the visible words "...you are chosen..."

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